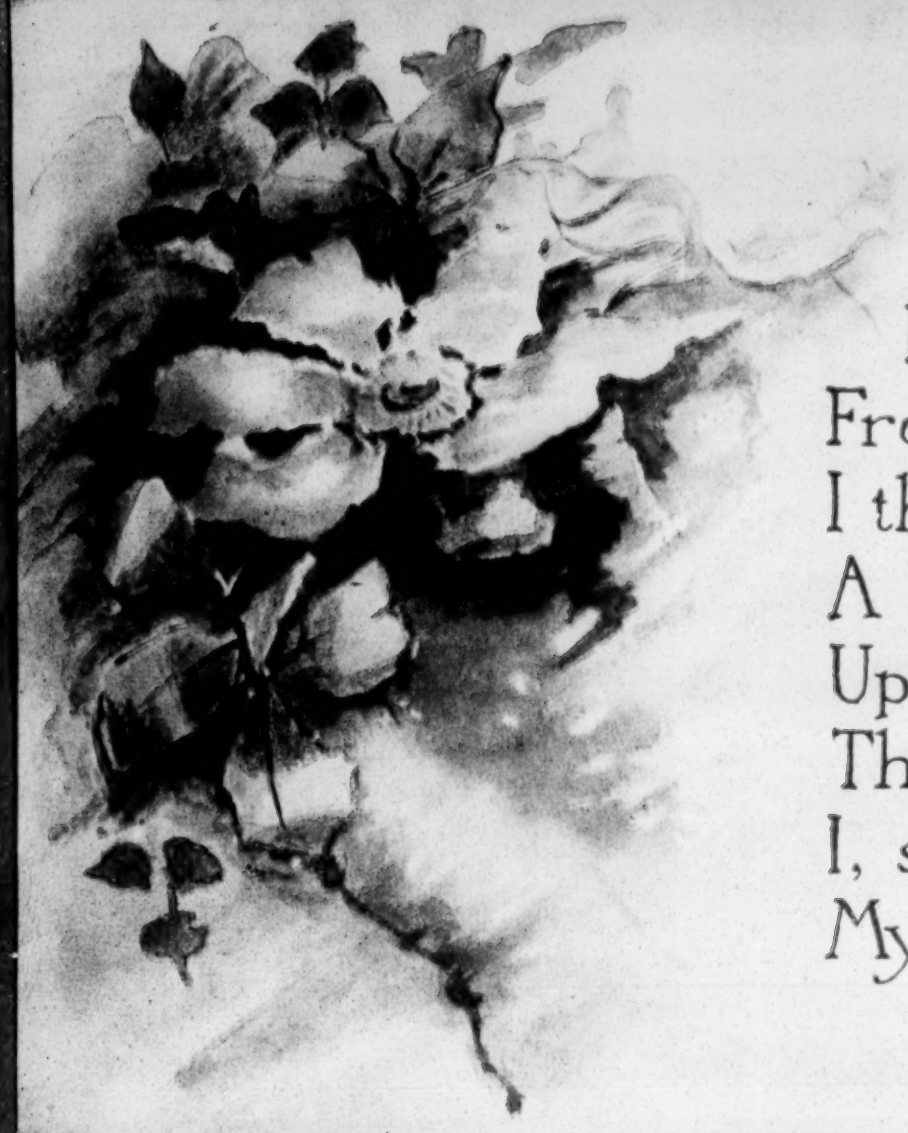

If I could choose my path of life
From out this world of tangled ways,
I think I'd sooner live and tend
A little flock of all the days.
Upon the bluest hills that are,
The fairy hills of dreams come true,
I, shepherdess, would tend my flock,
My bread a rose, my cup a dew.

(Archibald Sullivan.)

THE SHEPHERDESS

Poem by

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

Music by

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

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To Mrs. HELEN H. HAWKS.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

(Soprano.)

Words by
ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.
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Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante moderato.

p

If I could choose my
And all the tim - id

path of life From out this world of tan-gled ways, — I think I'd soon-er
days of May, The blust'ring days of win-ter weather, — The burn-ing days of Au-gust

mf

live and tend A lit - tle flock of all the days. — Up - on the blu - est
time, — Would wan-der wide with me to - geth-er; — And ere the sun made

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cresc.

hills that are, The fai - ry hills of dreams come true, ___ I, shep-herd-ess, would
sil - ver lace Up - on the pil-low of the sky, ___ I'd call a lit - tle

cresc.

rall.

1 2

p

tend my flock, My bread a rose, my cup a dew. ___ bye. ___
day to me, And kiss its lips and say good -

rall.

p

mp *rit.*

un poco agitato

___ When one De-cem-ber day was left, ___ A

rit.

mp

cresc.

lit - tle day of grief and snow, ___ I'd place my kiss up - on its brow ___ My last fare-

cresc.

well ___ and bid it go. ___

Then would I quiet-ly creep a - way ___ Be - hind the sun-set's am-ber

rays ___ To think how I had tend-ed well ___ My lit-tle flock of all the

days. ___